

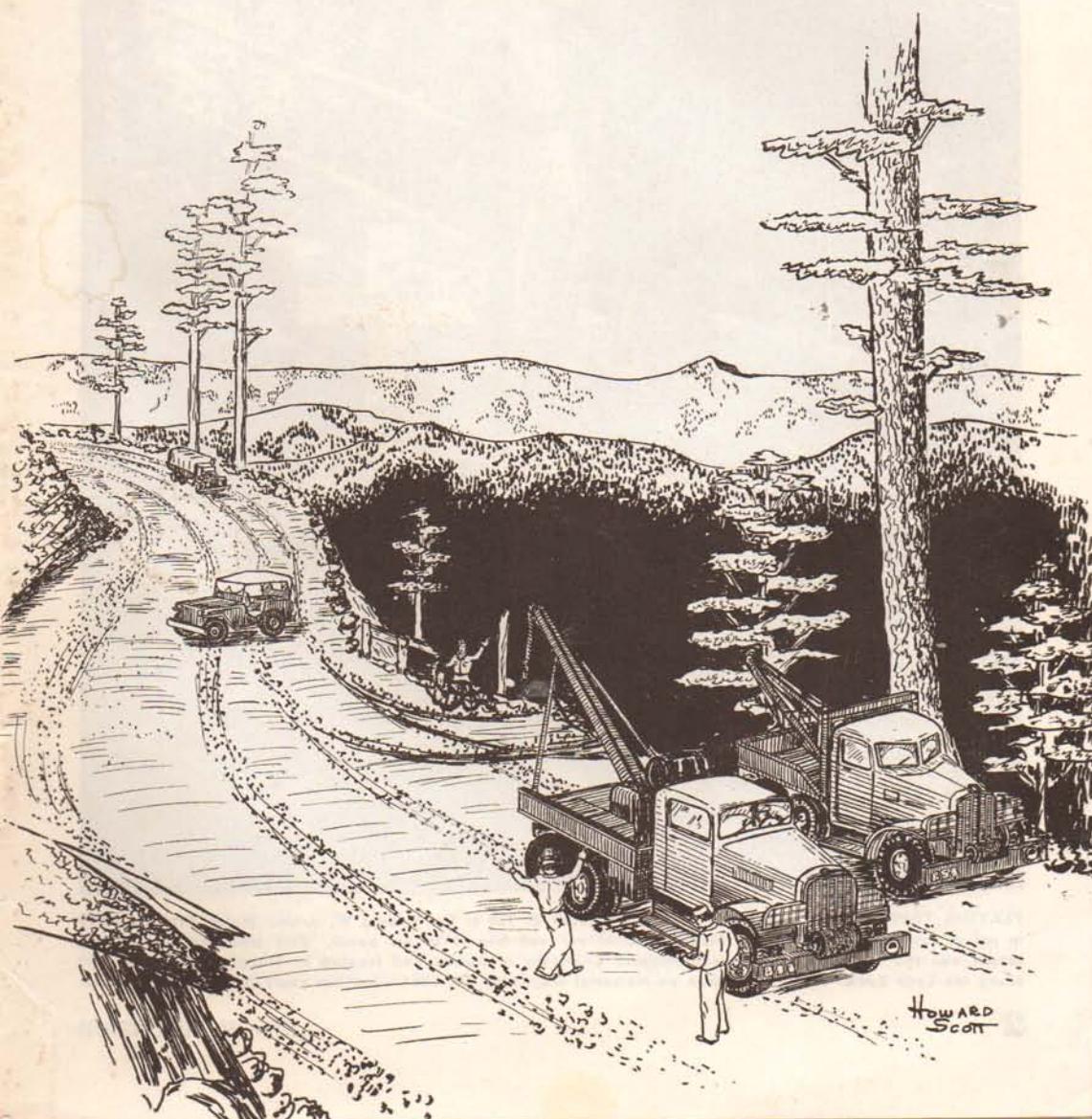
Ex-CBI Roundup

— CHINA — BURMA — INDIA —



JUNE

1954





PLAYING TAPS over the crude grave of Major Ralph B. Tilt is T/5 George W. Arkle. Major Tilt was killed in action January 1944. The Tilt Memorial Cemetery was named in his honor. This lonesome plot in the jungle was the first official American Military Cemetery in Burma and located at Shingbwiyang, mile 110 along the Ledo Road. Photo was taken on Memorial Day, May 30, 1944—just ten years ago. U.S. Army Photo.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA-BURMA-INDIA

Vol. 8, No. 6

June, 1954

Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly at 2402 Curtis St., Denver, Colo., by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theatre during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

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Letter FROM The Editor . . .

● In nearly eight years of publication we have long since learned that the "Letters" columns are the most popular feature. Biggest reason for this popularity is the hope of each subscriber to find the name of a former member of his or her CBI outfit. Roundup has been instrumental in re-locating many a "lost" buddy through the many letters published each issue. There are a good many of you who have been subscribers for years but have never sent a letter for publication. Why not send a note today? And as an incentive, if you'll enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope, we'll send by return mail a neat CBI-patch decal for the window of your car baksheesh. Roundup thrives on letters. Send us yours today, will you?

● A full page advertisement on the back cover boosts the new made-to-order Book Binder for holding issues of Roundup. We are satisfied that this Binder will do the job, holding 24 copies in book form. A 50c discount is offered to those who purchased one of the original cardboard binders.

● The close-out sale of Howard Scott's set of three pen and ink sketches, advertised in the past two issues, have all but exhausted the supply. There are a few left and if you didn't get yours, send a buck now before they're all gone.

● This month's cover is a pen and ink sketch by staff artist Howard Scott, depicting a scene along The Ledo Road between Tagap and Shingbwiyang in Northern Burma. Going into action to retrieve an unlucky convoy truck are two wreckers of the 24th Ordnance Co. (MM).



Burma Surgeon

● Noted Ken Wood's letter in the April issue, asking for the whereabouts of The Burma Surgeon, Dr. Seagraves. It brought to mind



the enclosed picture which I took just outside of Bhamo in, as I recall, Jan. 1945. The picture shows Dr. Seagraves and four of his nurses to whom he had just awarded the Bronze Star. . . . Incidentally, Ken Wood and I were on the same shipment to CBI.

JAMES CASSELL, Jr.
Pleasantville, N. Y.

Broken Arms!

● In the six years I've been a Roundup subscriber, I've noticed three times more letters from India-based men than from old China hands. How come?

MARTIN J. O'LEE,
Tampa, Fla.

Only one CBI-er in four served in China. Some of these appear to have broken arms. We can't print 'em if we don't receive 'em!—Ed.

First Ship Home

● "The Long Road Home" (March) by Boyd Sinclair is in error regarding the first shipload of CBI troops to arrive in the States after V-J Day. If you will check you'll find the first ship to arrive in the States was the General H. B. Freeman.

DONALD SHAFFER,
Grafton, W. Va.

CBI Not Forgotten

• Heard on the radio that former CBI soldiers are planning a reunion in Washington this year. In 1944-45 I was stationed at Air Force Headquarters, Hastings Air Base, Calcutta. In addition, I did a good deal of administrative traveling around the India-Burma Theater, especially Assam and along the "milk run" from Calcutta to Chittagong. Have often wondered what ever became of all of the men who were out there. The European and Pacific Theaters were so much larger that I had supposed the poor old CBI had been forgotten. I'm very glad indeed to know that it hasn't.

WM. A. RUSHNER,
New York, N. Y.

881st Signal Co.

• Spent two and one-half years one place and another in India, winding up at Bangalore with Det. A, 881st Signal Co. So far I haven't seen any names in Roundup that I recognize. . . . Hope to be in Washington for the reunion but because of the seasonal nature of my business cannot be sure of it.

WM. P. DONLON, Jr.,
Sylvan Beach, N. Y.



GLIDER OF THE 1st Air Commando force is slightly damaged after landing in a field in Burma. U. S. Army photo.

First Mention

• Certainly enjoyed Boyd Sinclair's "Long Road Home" in the March issue. To my knowledge this article carries the first mention of the 691st Engineer Base Equipment Co. since I have been a Roundup subscriber.

EARL W. HOSKINS,
Scipio Center, N. Y.

No CBI Theater?

• Do you know there are lots of people who didn't know there was such a Theater as the CBI?

CLARENCE FORD,
Shawnee, Okla.

Perry Manhunt

• I read with interest the stories on the "Herman Perry Manhunt" in the July and December 1953 issues. Each varied a great deal from the other, and I have heard details myself that differ from those stated in the two articles. I note in the April issue Major Earl Cullum, who was in charge of the now legendary manhunt, stated he had records on the case. How's about publishing his views in Roundup?

WM. J. JANES,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Cullum was contacted and his story appears in this issue.—Ed.

14th Air Force Assn.

• Was a member of the 75th Fighter Squadron, 23rd Fighter Group, and spent 25 months in CBI. Enjoy reading Roundup very much and quite a few of the scenes I remember very clearly. At the present time I am a member of the 14th Air Force Assn. and must say they are one swell bunch of fellows and gals. We are holding our 7th Annual Reunion in Toledo Aug. 12-13-14, at the Commodore Perry Hotel. Hope to see more of the old gang there this year.

HARRY H. BOUDER,
Goodville, Pa.



ANNA WONG of Peking, China, was sales clerk in this Army P-X, presumably in Kunming. Photo Dec. 15, 1944, by U. S. Army.

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Purified Holy Man

● Note you were censured for the picture of the memsahib following the cow (April issue). Frankly I'm pleased as it took me off the hook and I am no longer a No. 1 candidate for the Burlington Liars' Club. Now I can just show the picture and let the chips fall where they may. Recalls a nasty bump I received while falling out of a jeep on the Howrah bridge near Calcutta. Was slowed to low gear by one cow followed by a Holy Man, who purified himself by rubbing the excrement through his hair and over his face. Needless to say, after that, I never doubted anything I saw, read, heard about or even dreamed of. . . . Was a captain with ATC throughout the breadth of India, up into China as far north as Luhsien (1360th AAFBU).

IVAN M. SHRADEL,
Riverside, Iowa.

12th Bomb Group

● How come no news about the 12th Bomb Group? Was S-4 of the 83rd Squadron. Lots of good boys in that outfit!

LYNN G. ABBOTT,
Durant, Okla.



CBI VETERANS Assn. officers chat with President Eisenhower in the President's office in the White House. The officers presented Eisenhower with a request to address delegates to the 7th Annual Reunion in Washington in August. Shown above are l. to r., Wm. R. Ziegler, Commander; Charles A. Mitchell, Senior Vice-Commander; Lester J. Dencker, Past Commander; President Eisenhower, Gene Brauer, Adjutant; and James Wyber, Public Relations Officer.

310th Reunion

● Just received my first issue and the only thing that bothers me is the fact I've missed it all these years. The 310th F.R.T.U., Landhi Field, Karachi, is holding a reunion June 26-27 at the American Legion, Oneida, N. Y. Anyone interested please contact me.

WILLIAM HARP,
308 Chapell,
Oneida, N. Y.

777th Engineer P. D. Co.

● Have just been informed that Vernon E. Hildebrand of the 777th Engineer Petroleum Distribution Co. had been seriously burned in a gasoline explosion last December. He suffered third degree burns on his hands, legs and face. From what I understand he will be in the hospital for some months to come. Am sending a Roundup subscription to him in order to help pass the time a little. I know he'd appreciate mail from his old buddies. His address is 4401 SE Aldercrest Rd., Milwaukie, Ore.

J. O. BRANDON,
Eau Claire, Wis.

Col. Holmes Dead

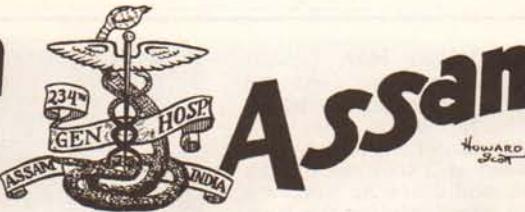
● I worked side by side with Col. Will W. Holmes for two years while he was Chief Medical Inspector at Camp Croft, S. C. I followed him to CBI but lost contact. Was passing through Logansport, Ind., last summer and stopped to see him. It was then I learned he suffered a heart attack while mowing his lawn and died shortly afterward.

ALLEN RANKIN,
Virden, Ill.



MEN OF THE 725th Railway Operating Bn. at a Maharaja's party in Bihar Province. Photo by Stouvenel.

Georgia to Assam



Here's a history with a new flavor—a document written in diary form by an Army Nurse and directed to the CBI Theater Surgeon on July 31, 1945. This story, never intended for publication, is condensed slightly from the original form and submitted to Roundup by Maj. Nancy L. Huston, ANC.

By Maj. Sylvia G. Johnson, ANC

IN THE SUMMER of 1942, Dr. Addison G. Brenizer of Charlotte, N. C., was granted permission of the War Department to organize a 1,000-bed General Hospital, which was known as the "Brenizer Unit." Dr. Brenizer, through the medical officers he had secured, formed his nursing personnel.

These officers, from the South, Ohio, New Jersey and Washington state, interviewed nurses with whom they had worked in local hospitals and signed them up for the Unit.

The nurses began to arrive at Lawson General Hospital, Atlanta, Ga., Nov. 15, 1942, the last arriving Jan. 3, 1943.

On Jan. 9, 1943, 2nd Lt. Sylvia G. Johnson was promoted to 1st Lt. and appointed Chief Nurse. Practicing how to render a snappy salute, trying to figure which hand to follow when the sergeant called out "column left," getting adjusted to the blue uniform off duty, and rapidly learning the Army way of running a hospital, created numerous problems for the girls, many of whom had, only a few months previous to taking their oaths of office, graduated from their training schools.

On January 19th, the unit's seventeen doctors having left for Camp Wheeler, Ga., a few weeks before, the War Department ordered "no further organization of the Brenizer Unit," and "the nurses to be divided between two Station Hospitals which were being activated." This was the first real headache for the Chief Nurse, selecting 54 nurses to go to Camp Wheeler.

The Commanding Officer of the 111th Station Hospital, Lt. Col. Bennet G. Owens of Valdosta, Ga., met the nurses at the Macon station. The first few days were spent in getting acquainted with the large camp and their new associates.

An Interesting Story Of a Gallant Group Of Nurses in India

The nurses were shortly introduced to a program quite different from bedside care. There were various and many lectures, films, daily drills and calisthenics, weekly marches with the complete unit, and overnight bivouac; and, lest they forget that they joined the Unit to take care of sick soldiers, the nurses were assigned to TD with the Camp Wheeler Station Hospital.

The days passed quickly for the first few months. The nurses were now becoming acquainted with the rest of their unit, and they gained the admiration of all the officers and men with their fine spirit displayed on the marches, rain or shine, and their ability to get the *Marksman* qualification on the range with the M-1.

On May 15th 2nd Lt. Marjorie Smail was promoted to 1st Lt., hers being the first promotion for the nurses at Camp Wheeler.

Social life off duty was very active for the nurses. Many friendships were formed among the officers of the Infantry Replacement Training Center at Camp Wheeler, and the Air Fields—Roberts and Smart—the air corps boys being frequent visitors to the new barracks.

At last the great day came. We were alerted. No more phone calls, no more letters, no one to leave the barracks. Nursing personnel now numbered 50, plus a Physical Therapist and a Hospital Dietician who joined the Unit two days prior to the alert.

Then came the memorable march to the Camp Wheeler Station from the barracks. With pistol belt, canteen, bulging musette bags, gas mask, helmet, and a few last-minute odds and ends, grabbed as they left the barracks, the nursing platoon marched off, not quite as snappy as they had appeared several times previously on the parade grounds. It was a

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unique sight indeed. Arriving at the train after the mile and a half hike, they found the rest of the unit. By this time, of course, everyone was accustomed to the Army way of doing things; therefore, confusion was practically nil and we boarded the assigned cars, making two full cars of nurses. As the train pulled slowly away from the station with the rain pouring from the Georgia sky, the Camp Wheeler band played bravely, "You Are My Sunshine."

After a five-day trip across the United States, the unit arrived at Camp Anza, Calif., on July 6th. The band there came out to greet us. However, a half hour later the sincerity of the greeting was questioned when they marched us to a large building and with both sleeves rolled up, a nurse on each side simultaneously jabbed us in each arm—our first "shots."

Again the nurses proved the versatility of the American girl. We were housed in what had formerly been a recreation building with double-decker beds, and the floor was soon covered with suitcases, foot lockers, bed rolls, gas masks, musette bags, etc., etc., etc. A few days later, the Commanding General of the 9th Service Command put his head in the door but beat a very hasty retreat. "This must be changed at once," were his orders! Twenty-five of the nurses were moved to a nearby ward of the Station Hospital. Then one could walk between foot lockers instead of on them.

After three false starts, the great day came and there were no more passes or phone calls. On August 2nd we marched up the road to the train, the band was there to serenade us, also many officers

to wave goodby. A month had been ample time for many new friendships; in fact, one has resulted in an overseas marriage!

ON AUGUST 3, 1943, the U. S. Transport *Uruguay* pulled away from the dock at Wilmington, Calif. The next 39 days were happy for many; some were several days finding their sea-legs, for, to most, this was their maiden sea voyage. The time passed slowly, boat drills, a few movies, card games in the crowded lounge, sitting on the deck most of the day—no chairs, carrying Mae Wests around our necks from dawn until retiring. There were some hallucinations as to the enemy dangers, many scuttlebutt rumors, but no real enemy was sighted on the trip.

A very pleasant and never-to-be-forgotten break in the long trip came at Hobart, Tasmania. The unit had never before witnessed such wonderful hospitality. Many were invited to the homes of the Island people, many of whom used their precious petrol to drive us about the small city.

The *Uruguay* sailed all too soon, and there were many invitations for the next day that never materialized. The next stop was only long enough to exercise on the beach at Freemantle, Australia. Several days later, the first glimpse of India came as the *Uruguay* steamed into the harbor of Bombay.

During the voyage all of the nurses had served in the sick bay, and several operations were performed by our own staff. The Commander of Troops and the Captain of the *Uruguay* commended the conduct and services of the nurses.

It was now September 10, 1943. The new land was really amazing. The nurses



INCLUDED IN THIS photo are all of the 234th female personnel except for ten who were returned to the U. S. earlier and three American Red Cross Girls. Photo by Nancy Huston.

had never before looked upon such a country. After a night in the Bay, the *Uruguay* came alongside the docks and, after several hours, all were granted shore passes. What an eye-opener to the American nurses. The city was well gone over by nightfall. In the evening, the Taj Mahal Hotel dining room was full to capacity and the Army Nurse Corps uniform was very much in evidence.

On September 13th we boarded His Majesty's Troopship, the *Nevassa*. The voyage of ten days to Calcutta via the Bay of Bengal and the Hooghly river will long be remembered. We were all too new in this old world to get acquainted with all the customs, and what we termed "queer ideas." The crew of the *Nevassa* was very congenial, the food we prefer not to remember, and the heat will never be forgotten.

Then came the city we had read about a few years ago, the dirtiest city in the world, and the second largest in the British Empire. This was viewed from the deck of our troopship for hours. At ten that evening we marched off the deck up the dark railroad tracks to the train, our first introduction to a foreign method of transportation. After fighting mosquitos for hours in the dark freight yards, and sitting in dark cars with huge cockroaches scuttling about, the train slowly pulled out. The next seven days were not unlike a story one might read sitting by the fireside, and when finished state: "It seems impossible!"

The girls discovered the Indians had built two widths of railroad tracks, and in the pouring rain at one station all had to cross over to the other side of the station to get aboard the "narrow gauge." We discovered what the British "in transit" ration consists of: Tea made with water drained from the engine and used to wash down hard tack and bully beef. The train invariably stopped at a station when it came time to pass out rations. The beggars, at first interesting, soon became nauseating.

The next adventure came in the form of a trip on an Indian river boat. Leaving the train and proceeding via truck to the small town of Dhubri, we were told that this was the port of embarkation for the Brahmaputra River trip. That evening in the rain, part of the nurses were moved from a sparsely furnished British Officers' Club to the river craft; the rest stayed in the Officers' Club. Neither group slept. The next day the unit started up the great river. The river boat *Sikh* was crowded far beyond capacity. There was standing room only for the enlisted men, and on the top deck, all the Medical officers and

nurses were crowded into a small space. There were three rooms with iron beds in them which accommodated a few of the girls. They resembled waffles the next morning after lying on the bare springs! The remainder bedded down on the deck. More bully beef, morehardtack with orange marmalade!

After two nights and a day we left the river. The trip had its interesting side, however, in the native life on the river banks, the new type of vegetation, the first live monkeys ever seen outside cages, the queer river boats that were passed during the day.

The port of debarkation was a town called Pandu. Here the nurses were loaded into trucks and taken to another town called Gauhati, where a Baptist Mission Hospital was located. So a group of dirty, tired nurses descended on the little mission hospital. After several days of no washing facilities, to find this oasis was wonderful! A clean white bed, a shower, good food, a chance to "wash a few things," in true feminine fashion, and life once more looked better.

After two nights and a day there, we were marched to the station. The girls had appreciated the kindness of the mission so much that they left a liberal contribution.

Seven long days and nights later, five aboard an Indian train riding 3rd class—we pulled into a dirty little station, Chabua on October 3rd.

WE WERE GREETED by the Chief Nurse of the 95th Station Hospital, loaded into trucks for the five-mile ride to our new home. The officers at the 95th, with very limited facilities had made it as comfortable as possible for the new group. In true American fashion, the girls were soon settled. They scurried about, found boxes for tables, the hammering could be heard for blocks, and in a few hours they were at home as the news had spread like a prairie fire to the surrounding installations that 55 new girls were in the section! Jeeps, command cars, weapons carriers, motorcycles, etc., came up in a cloud of dust!

By October 5th we had our own hospital, the 111th Station Hospital, Advance Section No. 2, CBI Theater.

The Air Corps gets around on terra firma as well as in the air. In a few days the nurses were taken for jeep rides and introduced to the surrounding country and towns (?). We found we were in the heart of the tea country, acres of green bushes, quite refreshing compared

to Bombay and the towns along the railroad.

Our nurses went on duty October 7th, assuming the nursing care of 165 patients, and they were being assisted by 26 other nurses on TD with our unit, from the 95th Station Hospital and the 21st Field Hospital. A year later there were nearly 900 patients in the hospital, and the nurses had again been reduced to 50, their helpers having been transferred to China several months before.

The first winter was very cold; we never dreamed that winter in India could be so cold. There was no heat in the hospital or our barracks. Hot water for the patients' baths had to be heated in the back yards of the wards in oil drums. The night nurses fared the worst. They could hardly chart at night, their fingers were so cold. Wool slacks were worn under coveralls, and wool-lined flyers' jackets were donned. Frequently at the desk they were found with the sheepskin-lined fly-



SECTION OF THE 234th General Hospital, showing surgical wards, laboratory and medical section No. 1.

ing boots over their GI shoes. The day nurses found the barracks cold in the evening. Many secured five-gallon cans from the mess sergeant, pushed several holes around the bottom edge and made charcoal fires in them. They created a smoke screen for the first 20 minutes, then a cloud of white, fine ash followed and, after about half an hour of real heat, the process of building charcoal fires started all over. Even the famous Indian *charpoy*, a four-poster about four-feet high, interlaced with bamboo and an Indian-made mattress over this seemed very comfortable to crawl into when we were tired of trying to keep the charcoal fires going. Everyone ate all meals wearing field jackets, sweaters, and various types of coats.

In March 1944 the complete unit was alerted. There was great danger of the Japanese cutting the rail line west of our station. Nurses were given a half day off to pack their musette bags with the bare necessities. Foot lockers were packed and locked to leave behind, canteens were

kept full at all times and the group was assigned to three leaders who would supervise the evacuation if the time came. We were already acquainted with wartime activities due to several previous air raid warnings, which necessitated jumping into muddy slit trenches, assisting in complete evacuation of several hundred patients from the hospital in less than eight minutes, and once hearing the hum of the Jap bombers when they dropped a few bombs on an airfield only ten miles away (Dinjan). But that "time" never came. After a few weeks the musette bags were unpacked and the tension wore off.

CHRISTMAS 1943 was the most difficult time. Our packages didn't come, there were few greeting cards, and Christmas day dawned cold and rainy. But we forgot our own troubles and attempted to keep the patients cheered. Many had helped the one Red Cross worker of our hospital prepare the well-known red gauze stockings and fill them with Red Cross gifts for the boys. Many helped in the Carol singing on Christmas Eve.

Late Spring brought an increase in patient census. Many of the famous Merrill's Marauders were admitted. These were the first real foot soldiers who had been in contact with the enemy whom the nurses had cared for. We were deeply impressed by the gratitude expressed by these soldiers for the care the nurses gave them. It was a real morale-builder for the complete unit to at least feel we had the opportunity, in a small way, to carry out the mission for which we had joined the Army.

Then came our Allies, the Chinese. So many of them. In fact, at one time, during the hottest and wettest weather, a tent hospital had to be set up to care for them. They had absolutely no knowledge of English, no conception of sanitation, half-starved and each with three or more diagnosed diseases. A challenge to the young American nurses.

The nurses in the Malaria wards also had their first introduction to the results of the bite of the Anopheles mosquito. These wards were crowded to capacity.

Nurses in the Dermatology wards were seeing skin diseases they never had heard of. Wards for the gastro-intestinal cases were full also. Many types of dysenteries were treated.

During the Battle of Myitkyina there were many battle casualties. There were always bad accident cases from the busy Assam Trunk Road. During bad weather, frequent nearby plane accidents brought

Georgia to Assam

many officers and enlisted men to the hospital. The operating room was always a busy place.

We all weathered the monsoon season and by November all the nurses had a leave of 20 days to Darjeeling, Shillong, Calcutta, or the sea shore and were then ready for the last lap of our foreign stay.

At Christmas of 1944 the unit seemed entirely different from the one of 1943.



NURSES OF the 234th assist Col. Harold S. Clark, Chief Surgeon (right) during an appendectomy.

Uncle Sam saw to it that the mails came through. There were packages by the dozens for everybody, hundreds of Christmas cards. Ward competition in decorating was very keen and an ice cream party for the wards that was given by the Red Cross. The hospital was like a different land. The wards were trimmed beautifully, local tea branches furnished the green, and cotton the white. The mess department produced one of the best dinners ever served abroad, for personnel and patients alike. The mess halls were trimmed and there were tablecloths. (We didn't even suggest they had a similarity to sheets!) Even a big Christmas tree from the Naga Hills. There were many parties off the post which the nurses attended.

In fact, the social life for the first fourteen months had been very pleasant. In October 1943 there was only one small Officers' Club in the entire area. Now, there were numerous clubs. In fact, so numerous they had to agree on alternating their festivities so the nurses might attend and make the parties at all the various installations successful.

To reciprocate for the many parties the local officers gave, the nurses sponsored a dance on Valentine's Day of both 1943 and 1944. The first was held in the sorting shed of a nearby tea factory. The Railway Battalion furnished the music,

and there were sandwiches and punch (the boys, of course, helped "fix" the punch). The 1944 Hearts Ball was almost "Stateside" in grandeur. The Air Corps lent red and white 'chutes to help cover the walls of the mess hall, and one of the detachment made many sketches to put up. Boric acid powder on the rough cement floor made it like the ballroom at home. The S.O.S. band furnished the music. Sandwiches and more "fixed" punch were plentiful. Over 200 officers and nurses attended and they termed it the best party in Assam!

BY OCTOBER OF 1944 the 111th Station Hospital had outgrown its restless shell and now was large enough for Theater Headquarters to give us a new name—the 234th General Hospital.

By May 1945, all the nurses remaining had received promotions. The Principal Chief Nurse, Sylvia G. Johnson, had become a major in April 1945. Marjorie Smail, 1st Lt. at Camp Wheeler, was now Major Smail, Surgical Supervisor and Assistant Chief Nurse. Myrna Campbell, 2nd Lt. in Georgia, was Captain Campbell, Medical Supervisor; Lt. Esther Yoffa, now Captain Yoffa, Operating Room Supervisor; Lt. Mary E. Scott, Captain Scott, in charge of the very large and active Psychiatric Section of the hospital. The other 30 nurses of the original group are all 1st lieutenants.

During the 24 months of overseas service, the sickness rate had not been what the hospital would term high. Thirteen of the original group had returned to the States; two had transferred to other hos-

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pitals in CBI. Only four had contracted malaria during that period.

These 35 still to return to the "promised land" will go back to the States from which they came. They will have ever so many stories to tell the family about the jackals that gave that weird serenade every night, the three small cobras killed on the back porch of quarters, the monkeys that ran across the road, the ugly water buffalo, the thousands of cows that wander all over India, the neighboring Indians; then those beautiful skies, not to be surpassed anywhere in the world, those wonderful moonlight nights when it seemed as though we could reach up and shake hands with the old man up there; the beautiful orchids in the spring, hundreds of them, and they didn't cost a cent; the gardenias we could buy from the old wallah we called "Grandpa" for a rupee for two dozen.

We will remember India as a strange, interesting land, containing some of nature's most picturesque and beautiful handiwork, and also, some of her most miserable creatures.

July 31, 1945, will be only three days from that long-awaited date which indi-



THE 234th nurses challenged the boys at ASC to a baseball game. Turnout of soldier spectators was "tremendous!"

cates that two years of foreign service have been completed.

Our girls will tell the folks back home that they were happy, that they had an opportunity to nurse GI Joe in the CBI, and they won't regret that they had a chance to see the vast country—India. But the final statement may be: "Mom, it did look best from the stern of the ship when she headed out to sea!"

—THE END.



U. S. WAR CORRESPONDENTS with the first convoy to China bivouac in the jungles near Namkham, Burma. The convoy halted here for three days while Chinese forces were clearing the enemy from the last roadblock on the Stilwell Road. Jap planes made two attempts to attack the convoy but were driven off by 14th Air Fighter planes without success. Note the abundance of bamboo shoots in the locale. U. S. Army photo, Feb. 4, 1945.

Same Ship?

On page 6 of the February issue there is a picture of the Port Intelligence Officer telling GI's what to do and what not to do in India. I remember the scene very well and if I'm not mistaken I'm somewhere in this picture myself. Could it be there is an error in the date it was taken? Under the picture it says U.S. Army photo, April 28, 1944. According to my records our ship didn't pull in till the 3rd of June but my last bottle of Idaho bootleg potato whiskey says my outfit was aboard this particular ship. I can, or at least I think I can, recognize ten or more GI's in the picture. . . . Was with 558th SAW Bn. at Kanji-koah and Myitkyina and later on with the 559th SAW Bn. at Bhamo. Could anyone help me locate Gregory A. Potts, last heard of in Oregon—Portland or Depoe Bay.

G. E. JACOBS,
2319 Sunset Blvd.,
Boise, Idaho



CHA WALLAH'S stand at the railway station, Tinsukia, India. Here for a few pice the traveler is treated to a cup of Assam tea. Photo by Robert W. Hayes.

9th Engine Overhaul

Served with the 9th Engine Overhaul Sq., Titaghur, India (Bengal Air Depot) from Jan. to Nov. 1945.

ANTHONY SYLVESTER,
Geneva, N. Y.

FELIX A. RUSSELL
Patent Lawyer
MEMBER OF
General Stilwell Basha
Record of Invention Forms
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Bhamo Church

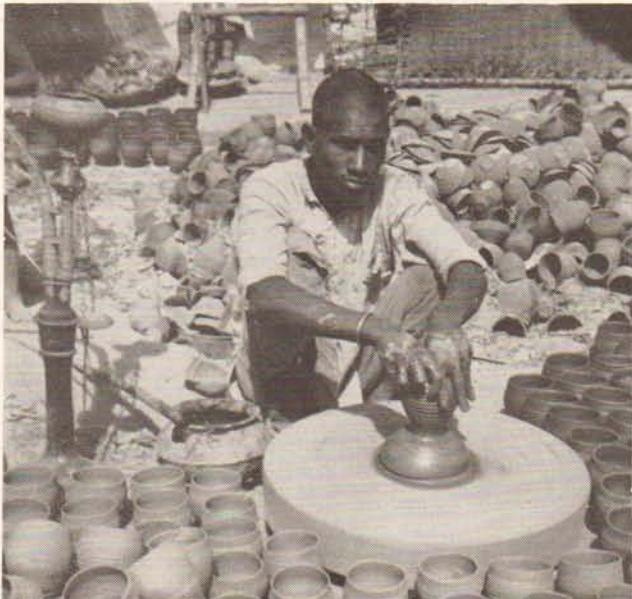
Congratulations on "Church in the Wilderness" which appeared in the April issue. Setting it up just before Easter, I gather, makes the GI contribution to the restoration of the Bhamo church a 10th anniversary event. . . . Did you know that the Stilwell Highway is not a billion-dollar bust as many ex-CBI-ers believe it to be? The other day I was invited for tea at the Rev. Martin Englands to meet and talk with U. Shan Lone, Secretary Ministry of Kachin State, Rangoon, Burma. The road, Lone said, is being maintained by the British. Kachins are now modernized, due to "our influence" and are riding jeeps and trucks daily from one end of the road to the other. He also told me the pontoon bridge at Myitkyina was washed out by a monsoon flood and they are now using a cable ferry across the Irrawaddy.

BOB MAY,
Neshanic Station, N. J.

Burra Lime Squash

Heaven forbid that my subscription should expire! Thank you for the great pleasure and enjoyment you provide in every issue. Would like to buy you all a burra lime squash at The Willard, come August.

CHARLOTTE WAGNER,
Memphis, Tenn.



JUGS OF ALL descriptions are made on this potter's wheel for the local trade. A jug that sold for 2 annas to a coolie cost an American one rupee. Photo by Lawrence Villers.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

Unselfish Ilma Ruth

● Re "With God's Help — and Guts," (May) I remember Miss Aho when she worked for the APO at Kunming. As the article points out, she was about as unselfish as a human being could be. She made many sacrifices to help others, and any small kindness shown her by the GI was certainly deserving.

LESTER J. GOLD,
Baltimore, Md.

Items From India

● Am awaiting merchandise from India which should arrive soon and will be advertised in Roundup. Items include brass trivets, Gurkha knives, warrior shields and weapons from Tibet, dinner gongs and other brass items; Kashmir silk hand-printed scarves and ivory animals. Also Gurkha knife broaches and Kashmir slave jewelry. R. J. VERBEECK, Merrick, N. Y.



WHEN BRITISH troops entered Rangoon on April 30, 1945, they found this sign on the Central Jail and 1,000 Allied POW's. The Japanese evacuated Rangoon the day before. U. S. Army photo.

250th Port Co.

● Spent 29 months with the 250th Port Co. and with Melvin Douglas' show unit No. 40 in Calcutta, which was our base of operations at that time. Had been wanting to subscribe to Roundup but didn't know where to get in touch until I ran into one of my old buddies who subscribed.

EARL E. STOREY,
Nashville, Tenn.

Which Girls?

● The caption on page 3, April issue, states "Girls of E. Stanley Jones Missionary College." Dr. Harry Hanson of Oklahoma City University was formerly a member of the board of trustees at this college and states that the caption under the picture should really be as follows: "Girls of Isabella Thoburn College at Lucknow, India." The late principal of the college was a Sarah Chakko who died several weeks ago playing volleyball over there. The college itself was originally a Methodist institution but Dr. Hanson states that the Presbyterians at the present time also provide considerable help for its operation.

GEORGE PELLINGER,
Oklahoma City, Okla.

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Enjoyed Reunion

● First heard of the national CBI reunions in 1948 but never attended a reunion until last year at Milwaukee. I sure enjoyed every bit of that convention and hope to make it to Washington this year if at all possible.

JAMES McWILLIAMS,
Muscatine, Iowa.

St. Thomas' Mount

By EDWIN L. BROOKS

AS A traveling GI in India during World War II, we learned to look into every nook and corner in out-of-the-way places, for the unusual and the unique. All free time was spent in looking for gifts to send home to the folks; a good but different meal to tickle our taste buds; and to seek unusual sights of which to tell the folks back home. Now and then one of us thought of spiritual things and would go on a "mission" to find the church of our choice. Sometimes we wandered into a Moslem or Hindu place of worship and noted their ways of prayer.

Thus it was that a group of GI's found themselves in the little village of St. Thomas' Mount, approximately eight miles south of the city of Madras, an isolated cliff rising 300 feet above sea level. Tradition says that this hill, called "Big Mount," was the scene of the death of St. Thomas, one of Christ's twelve apostles. St. Thomas is supposed to have come to Mylapore, a famous seaport in ancient days and now a small town adjoining Madras, in approximately 52 A. D. There, having the approval of the Rajah of the district, he built the first Christian church in southern India. It was over the ruins of that first Church of St. Thomas that the impressive Cathedral of San Thome' was built, the Cathedral which still contains the original tomb of St. Thomas. The tomb, which is below present floor level, may be seen by visitors.

According to legend, St. Thomas preached in southern India until he incurred the wrath of the Hindus because so many of the people were becoming Christians. One day St. Thomas cast out the devil from a man and it is said the devil went into a Hindu idol which fell and broke. The Hindu priest killed his own son as a sacrifice for the broken idol. St. Thomas' enemies then went to the Rajah and claimed that St. Thomas had killed the boy, so the Rajah ordered St. Thomas to be put to death. Just as he was about to be killed, St. Thomas, in the name of Christ, raised the boy from death and asked him to name his murderer, whereupon the lad pointed to the Hindu priest. The Hindus left the scene swearing vengeance on St. Thomas and one day overtook him on "Big Mount" and stabbed him. St. Thomas' blood fell on that stone,

now famous as the "bleeding stone" because it is said that when the people would try to scrape away the blood stains they would always reappear. This stone, bearing the carved cross and an ancient inscription, now rests in the church atop "Big Mount."

After his death St. Thomas' body was buried in his own church at Mylapore, but about 300 A. D. the body was transferred to Edessa in Mesopotamia. In 384 A. D. Edessa was destroyed by rising Moslem power, so the Christians moved St. Thomas' remains to the island of Chios in the Aegean Sea, from whence in 1258 they were taken to Ortona, Italy, where they now rest.

The church atop the "Big Mount," dedicated to Our Lady of Expectation, is a military church which was constructed by the Portuguese in 1547 over the ruins of a church built by the Armenian Christians in approximately 530 A. D. On the altar is a lovely old picture of the Virgin Mother and Child painted on wood supposedly by St. Luke the Evangelist and brought to India by St. Thomas almost 1900 years ago. A monument near the bottom of the hill marks the spot where the picture was dug up by the Portu-



AMERICAN SOLDIERS walking up the long series of steps to St. Thomas' Mount, constructed in 1736. Photo by the author.

guese. One side of the Mother's face was damaged, and several attempts have been made to repaint it, but all have failed. One story is told that an artist was brought in to repaint the picture, but he was struck blind before he could do so. Another legend is that about 70 years ago an official of St. Thomas' Mount had



LOCKING DOWN from St. Thomas' Mount to the village below. Photo by the author.

an artist come to repaint the damaged side of the face. However, when the paint was applied, it would not adhere and rolled off like little balls of mercury. "I cannot get any impression on the picture. Let us leave it," said the artist. It was covered with glass and left just as it was.

Over the altar hangs another old picture painted by the Portuguese in 1635, depicting the murder of St. Thomas. Around the walls are pictures showing how each of the twelve apostles died. These were painted by the Armenians about 400 years ago and have been repainted recently. Another point of interest in the old church is a lovely Armenian pulpit built about 1530. Added to the original church is a portico built in 1707 by a rich Armenian prince whose wife and daughter are buried there. In 1736 the same Armenian merchant who built the "dhobi bridge" built the steps leading to the top of the hill.

Near the church on the edge of the hill are the ruins of what is believed to have been an old Persian monastery built about 1100 A. D.

"Little Mount," a small hill two miles from "Big Mount," contains a cave in which St. Thomas hid from the Hindus. There is a small opening through which he escaped to "Big Mount" where he was

overtaken and stabbed while praying at the "Bleeding Stone." Near this hole are a handprint and a footprint which St. Thomas left in the stone as he escaped. In 1551, the Portuguese built the Church of Our Lady of Health over this cave. At the back of the church in a slit in the rocks is a well about five or six feet in depth. It is said that the people of the area were dying of thirst, so St. Thomas, standing on this rocky hill, stretched forth his arm and said, "Let there be water." The well appeared and has never since, for 1900 years, been dry. Nearby is a cross carved in rocks before which the Apostle came to pray. Also preserved in the rocks in the churchyard are two knee prints and a footprint of St. Thomas.

Many of us took photographs to prove our adventures and now years later, they are worth their weight in gold.

—THE END.

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To the Editor

Merrill's Marauders

• The Merrill's Marauders Association is having their 8th Annual Reunion Sept. 3-5 at the Forest Hills Hotel in Franconia, N. H. New Hampshire is the home state of Maj. Gen. Frank D. Merrill. I know it will be one of the best turnouts the Assn. ever had. I was a member of the 1st Bn., Hq. Co., White Combat Team. A lot of fellows have said the Marauders left for home before the real fighting started in Burma. Well, let them know that there were quite a few Marauders around in Burma when the last shot went off.

LAWRENCE STAFFORD,
West Warwick, R. I.

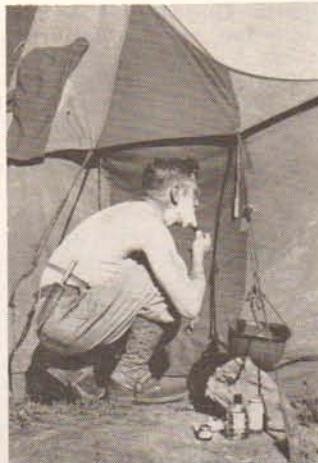
CBI-ers Married

• Please send a gift subscription to the V.A. Hospital at Long Beach, Calif. Among the 1,600 patients here must be quite a number of CBI-ers. Have been working here as a nurse since my discharge and although I have given some of my copies to the boys, I know there are many who would be able to enjoy the magazine if it were put on the hospital library cart . . . My husband also served in CBI with the 700th Engineer P.D. Co. We were stationed within 30 miles of each other but did not meet until years later in California.

D M. FLANDERS,
Long Beach, Calif.



HINDU HOLY MAN, smeared from head to foot with ashes and herb paints, reads holy scriptures while religious passersby throw a few annas his way. The woven-like object that appears to be on his head is actually against the wall in background. Photo by Lawrence Villers.



THE GOOD old days! How many times have you washed, shaved out of your steel helmet? Photo by Lawrence Villers.

Tiger Head

• Would like to know if it is possible to purchase the mounted Bengal Tiger heads that sold in CBI for around Rs. 140?

PAUL WELLS.
Weaver, Ala.

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The Roundup

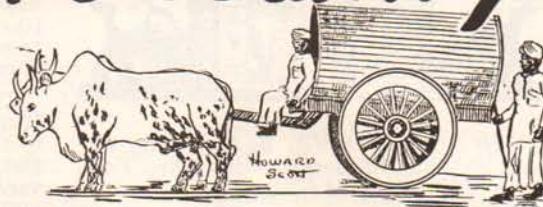
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EX-CBI ROUNDUP

Cart of the Country

By M. KRISHNAN

Reprinted from a recent issue of
The Calcutta Statesman



PERHAPS, IF I live on and on and on, the day will come when people will ask me (as a survivor from the "B.C. era") to tell them about that curious old contraption, the bullock cart. And how I shall treat them to stories of perilous long rides and benighted jungle roads, of blooded bullocks with sabre horns that could hold the tiger at bay, and swift-striding teams conveying smuggled cargoes through the dark! — for with age the mind develops an aesthetic fullness and vigor and is delivered from cramped, immature limitation to actual experience.

But thinking it over I am glad the day will never come, not if I live to be a hundred. The bullock cart will still be there.

I cannot imagine an India without bullocks and carts. Our ancient culture and history are sustained by them, for through centuries of conquest, opulence, famine and strife it was the unobtrusive bullock that made agriculture, transport and life possible. Even today no countryside landscape would be complete without the bullock cart, and it is still what moves our rural economy.

Few people know how many thousand miles of cartway are listed in official statistics, but it is safe to double this mileage without exaggeration, for like the jeep the bullock cart is independent of roads. Many of the paths it takes are just a pair of parallel, hardly visible wheel tracks in the scrub, and often it leaves the earth-blazed trail altogether and goes cross-country, especially in sandy places.

When I was a boy I travelled distances in a bullock cart across sandy country. The rides of later days were somehow much less comfortable, and I put this down to an unmanly habituation to luxury in travel, and possibly the fact that the carts of my boyhood were especially made and sprung to carry people, unlike the rough, timber-laden ones of later occasions. It was only recently, while traversing a few furlongs of hard-metalled highway in a bullock cart after many miles along a river-bed, that I discovered the true cause.

The bullock cart works on the principle that instead of pneumatic tires and springs on the cart taking the jolt out of a hard surface road, loose earth cushions bumps when iron-bound wheels are used. On unyielding, metalled roads the cart is rattled continuously and bone-shakingly, but when going cross-country over pathless fields or along what Kai Lung would term "the long earth-road" the bumping is quite bearable.

Even I will not say that travel by the country cart is a soft experience, but one gets used to it, as one gets used to strap-hanging in buses and trams and the discomforts of air travel. Nobody accustomed to the bullock cart complains about jolts; occasionally, of course, one swears at the road or whatever surface supports the wheels — that is good for one's diction and keeps one's language in practice.

The chief charm of bullock cart travel is the leisurely comprehension of the countryside that it permits. You have the right stance, bodily and in mind, to notice many things about the slow-moving landscape that you will miss otherwise.

Even from an utilitarian point of view it is important to have cart bullocks evenly matched and of mettlesome temperament. Otherwise the larger beast of the pair is apt to get the skin of its hind quarters rubbed off by friction against the cart, and nothing can move a philosophic bullock once it gets into a reflective mood.

But quite apart from their utility, where are few possessions in which the rustic takes greater pride than his bullocks, for they are his constant companions. The savings of years, often supplemented by hard-borrowed money, go to the purchase of a pair of cart bullocks, but he will pay an extra fifty rupees for the sake of a flecking of iron-grey on the sides that he fancies, or symmetry of horn. You should hear him talking to his beasts on a long and lonely road. All his cares in life are discussed in detail with them, and who can say that he is not the better for this circumstantial clearing of the heart?

—THE END.

Book REVIEWS



NUN IN RED CHINA. By Sister Mary Victoria. McGraw-Hill Book Company, New York, 1953. 208 pages. \$3.50.

Nun in Red China is a true, vivid story of imprisonment of Maryknoll Sisters by the Chinese Reds. Their persecution began with propaganda fed to simple villagers among whom they lived. An example:

In America there is a long street called Wah Street (Wall Street). It stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. Fifty-seven families live on it, very rich and mean. They eat meat every day—a pig for breakfast, one for dinner, and one for supper. Plus lots of rice cooked fresh every meal.

These 57 families cannot possibly eat all that food themselves. Do they give the leftover food to their hungry servants? No! What do they do with it then? They dump it into the Atlantic or Pacific Ocean, whichever is nearer. Such is the condition of a capitalistic country!

And what is the end result of these criminal lies?

Prison for Chinese and American Christians. Tying wasps in their clothing. Burning the beards of old men, the hair of women. Forcing them to drink mixed kerosene and water. Other vile torture.

The lesson for us: Eternal vigilance against international Communism.

THE CONQUEST OF EVEREST. By Sir John Hunt. With a chapter on the final assault by Sir Edmund Hillary. Foreword by Philip, Duke of Edinburgh. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Company, New York, 1954. 300 pages. \$6.

We were flying high above the border of Bihar and Nepal on one of those fine fall afternoons after the monsoon stops, traveling non-stop from Myitkyina to Delhi.

Below us stretched a green depth, in the north lifting up to high ranges which swam in indigo. Then, one hundred miles away, Mount Everest and her neighbors lifted their white hoods against the deep blue sky.

As the evening sun sank ahead of us, the high ice took on an ever-deepening glow of red. When it dropped behind

the horizon, the world's highest mountain seemed clothed in fire instead of snow.

Thirty seconds after the sun was gone we could see nothing. The Earth's great head and shoulders seemed to have vanished. Since that October day in 1944, there has, to us, been something of fantasy about Everest.

This book brought us back to realism. It is told in a matter-of-fact style, straight to the point, and without embellishment. But, somehow, this is such a great adventure, the narrative takes on the glow which makes a great book.

The book covers the expedition's background, planning, approach, build-up, assault, and aftermath. These brief words cannot give you the awe-inspiring feeling of the dangers of the ice and the remoteness of the high wind-swept world of the Himalayas.

The Conquest of Everest, a beautifully made book, has much more besides—eight beautiful color photographs, 48 pages of black-and-white pictures, maps, sketches, and the odd, humorous drawings of Charles Evans, one of the climbers. The nine appendices on special subjects, especially those dealing with physiology, medicine, and oxygen equipment, are interesting. There is a glossary, mostly mountain climbing terms, and an index.

We like the way the author gives credit to the Sherpa hillmen of Nepal. In the end, he, as expedition leader, picked Tenzing the Sherpa as one of the men best equipped to get to the top; but all put their faith in teamwork.

When Tenzing and Hillary the New Zealander reached the top, they stayed about 15 minutes and confessed to a feeling of nameless fear and dread while on the peak.

The book has moments of humor CBI-wallahs will like. When the expedition reached Thyangboche, a monastery about 13,000 feet up, the old abbot asked the author for a thousand rupees *baksheesh* to fix the roof.

An Indian radio operator sent one climber some family news. He added his congratulations: "I am transported with great exultation to announce the birth of your son. I hope you have cause for similar rejoicing once a year. Please pay bearer one rupee."

The expedition doctor, making an experiment, gave benzidrine to two Sherpas as a sleep suppressive. Later, the two guinea pigs were asked for their impressions.

"Splendid," said one. "It has cured my cough." Said the other: "Fine. It helped me to sleep."

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

SWING FULL CIRCLE. By Chesley Wilson. Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York, 1954. 312 pages. \$3.50.

This is a tough, salty novel of the rivers, ports, and coast of China just after World War II. The author is an officer of the U. S. Navy who was port captain of Shanghai just after the war.

Tully Sheldon, the central character, is a cashiered naval officer who goes to China in disgrace to command an LST for "World Relief." He gathers a crew of unsavory characters and takes his mistress on board. Tully's moral crisis swings full circle by the time he reaches his final fate.

Although there is plenty of sailor's language, with accent on action, this story also possesses subjective senses of love and tragedy. It is a well-written story that holds your interest.

Old China hands know that the corruption, inflation, and black markets which furnish the background for this novel are in keeping with reality.

Before such a backdrop, they also know that something like this tale of smuggling, intrigue, and lust could have taken place.

I LEFT MY ROOTS IN CHINA. By Bernard Llewellyn. Illustrated. Oxford University Press, New York, 1953. 175 pages. \$4.

I Left My Roots in China is the memoirs of a truck driver who sometimes got from behind the wheel to work in hospitals and at desks. An Englishman, he was a member of the Friends Ambulance Unit's China Convoy from 1941 through 1944.

Bernard Llewellyn has the most sensitive word response to Chinese humanity we have ever read. He pictures the true, realistic China and at the same time achieves beauty, pathos, and humor with his simple style.

Every China hand who served from the snow mountains of Chinese Tibet to old Peking ought to own this book. If he ever reads it, he won't part with it. If someone were to offer us ten times the list price (\$40) for our copy, and we couldn't get another, it would be no sale.

You may have hated China, or you may have loved it. Whatever your reaction, as you finish the last page, you'll shout *ding how*, hold up your thumb, and swear here's a man who has limned China correctly.

We know because we went over many of the same routes he did. He tells of things exactly as we saw them. He missed some of the details we saw, but he saw many more that we did not see.

You will be held between laughter and tears as the author delouses the Chinese army. He'll take you back to *ma ma hu hu*, to Kunming, Kutsing, and many another Chinese city, village, mountain, river, valley, and road—places a lot of you will know well.

If you ever traveled in China, this book will conjure up a thousand scenes and memories. Like the magazine this review appears in, it is a reminiscing book.

THE DANCE IN INDIA. By Faubion Bowers. Illustrated. Columbia University Press, New York, 1953. 175 pages. \$4.

It's hard to imagine that a man from Oklahoma would be the one to write a definitive book on dancing in India, but it's true. Faubion Bowers was born in that state in 1917. He is married to Santa Rama Rau, whose book, *Home to India*, was reviewed in these pages not long ago.

Mr. Bowers is not a CBI-wallah, having done his stint in the late great unpleasantness on almost every major island from Australia to Okinawa. He later censored the Japanese theater for General MacArthur.

The Dance in India is primarily for the dance devotee and enthusiast. In the five sections of the book, Mr. Bowers takes up the four main types of dancing in India, largely classical forms, and folk dances.

Mr. Bowers dwells at length on folk dances of Assam's varied population, including the Naga hillsmen, people whom many CBI-wallahs know well. Influence of Christianity is causing these folk dances to decline, he says.

The book is profusely illustrated with 45 individual photographs and colorful blue and orange end papers.

OTHER ASIA BOOKS

Seven Years in Tibet. By Heinrich Harrer. E. P. Dutton and Co. (To be reviewed.)

Tibet and the Tibetans. By Tsung-lien Shen and Shen-chi Liu. Stanford University Press. (To be reviewed.)

With God in Red China. By F. Olin Stockwell. Harper and Bros. (To be reviewed.)

The Struggle for Kashmir. By Michael Brecher. Oxford University Press. (To be reviewed.)

India 1953. Prepared by Ministry of Information and Broadcasting, Government of India. Grove Press. (To be reviewed.)

The Philosophy of Confucius. Translation of James Legge. Peter Pauper Press. (To be reviewed.)

Retained Interest

● Was very much pleased to receive my first copy of Roundup as a gift subscription from Fred Friendly. I have read it with considerable interest, for I retained my interest in South Asia after leaving the army. I returned to India in 1947 and served for five years as Consul and Public Affairs Officer in our Consulate General, Bombay. Am now with the American Legation, Tangier.

GILBERT E. CLARK,
Tangier, Morocco.

879th Avn. Engineers

● The 879th Airborne Avn. Engineers played a very prominent part in making the Myitkyina campaign effective. One company of this outfit landed in gliders (Cochran's outfit) immediately after Merrill's Marauders captured the strip. In a matter of hours they cleared the strip of all the junk, filled the holes and the C-47's started landing. They used miniature equipment for this job, that fitted in the gliders. Later we put up the big stuff and brought it in piece-meal. The record of this outfit is a proud and successful one.

STAN GALEY,
Denver, Colo.



MEMSAHIBS CARRY load of hand-made pottery to market in Calcutta.
Photo by Lawrence Villers.

Wants Oriental Rugs

● Am interested in buying some Oriental rugs, two Bakhari. Have any idea where I might get them?

JOSEPH A. KIRKWOOD,
St. Louis, Mo.

726th Ry. Op. Bn.

● It is with regret that I report the death of Charles T. McConnell of Electric Mills, Miss. He was formerly with Co. C, 726th Railway Operating Bn. as an engineer operating from Pandu to Lumding.

FRANK ARMANI,
Takoma Park, Md.

Never a Chance

● Don't know how I missed hearing about your fine magazine up to now, although I am kind of isolated from the great centers of population. There are about 2,500 people in this country and as far as I know only two CBI vets. The ETO cookie pushers around here never gave us a chance to open our mouths. Was in the 14th Squadron of the 4th Combat Cargo Group at Chittagong and later Myitkyina; then in the 27th Troop Carrier Sq. at Chengkung, Chihkiang and Liangshan. Anyone interested in Kodachrome transparencies of Chinese subjects that I made overseas?

WALTER G. DOWDIE,
Sanderson, Texas

Pleasant Surprise

● After ten years, having been in CBI in 1944, it was a pleasant surprise to find a magazine where fellows could get together and rehash old times. Wonder if any readers were with the 584th Materiel Sq. of the 86th? Or those fellows I was with in India who were on SD with a Cargo outfit inspecting B-26's under Lt. F. E. Wells? Or the Cargo outfit in the 22nd Air Depot?

EDWIN L. BROOKS,
Chicago, Ill.



ARMY VEHICLES about to be ferried across a river in Burma on a crude raft. U. S. Army photo.

It Happened In CBI

Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten was touring the Upper Assam area by jeep during the unforgettable Monsoon season. Several weeks prior to his arrival, Base Headquarters issued orders to all company commanders to enforce uniform regulations. When the Lord Louis arrived, our company, being the 698th C.M.P. Co., was called upon for motorcycle duty. Captain Griffitt, our C.O. and a good one from start to finish, immediately called six riders back to Company Hq and informed us to bring several clean uniforms along. Since it was the rainy season, we soon had used all our clean clothes and had borrowed all the clean uniforms from the men in the company which would fit. Captain Griffitt gave us several of his shirts to wear and when we put them on, we noticed several pocket buttons were missing. After we arrived at our destination, Captain Griffitt noticed the missing buttons and proceeded to bawl us out. After he had finished, he asked if we had anything to say for ourselves. All we said was: "These are YOUR shirts, captain!"—WM. MCCLINTOCK, Montgomery, Pa.



Our C.O., a captain whom we shall call "Mac," was about as bad an officer as any outfit could have. He was an alcoholic from way back and at our base in Assam he would frequently come into our enlisted men's club and drink our liquor as though it were water. This with our protest and without an anna in payment. One night he got heavily tanked up in our club, to the point where he couldn't walk without assistance. Several of our enlisted medics offered to assist him to his quarters, a half-mile down the road. They assisted him alright! Halfway down the dark road they inconspicuously allowed him to reel into the four-foot-deep drainage ditch, half-full of muddy water. This sobered him slightly and he made it back to his quarters. But he never again entered our club.—ANONYMOUS.

Will never forget the unhappy incident that occurred between a B-29 and a Gurkha guard. It was in 1944 at Dum Dum air base, Calcutta, the Gurkha was guarding a B-29. As men swarmed over the plane, getting it ready for a hop over The Hump, it happened: The guard had been standing too close to the propeller blade and . . . whoosh! His head came off so quickly that it's doubtful if he ever knew what happened. The decapitated head hit the fuselage with such force that it had to be repaired afterward. This incident brought to mind the superstition of the Chinese who believed they would go to heaven if a propeller did the job. Many of them committed suicide in that manner in China until Uncle Sam figured out a way to stop this practice. But it wasn't so with the Gurkha guard. Just a horrible accident.—EDWIN L. BROOKS, Chicago, Ill.



Winning Entry

While stationed at Kalaikunda in 1945, I had charge of the subsistence warehouse, issuing food supplies to nearby camps in the Kharagpur area, including Camp Hijli. They were in the process of closing camp and only a few EM and officers remained. The phone rang one morning and the officer in charge of Camp Hijli asked for some extra potatoes for his men. I had previously refused his mess sergeant and told him the same as our supply was limited. Later that day I was informed I could get myself a radio which I wanted badly by going to Camp Hijli. Who did I have to see about the radio? The same potato-requesting officer. Needless to say he got more potatoes quickly. Then I asked next day about the radio. Sorry, they're all gone!—PAUL BOONE, Jr., Martins Ferry, Ohio.



YOU MAY WIN \$5.00!

Contributions for "It Happened in CBI" are invited. Only true incidents which occurred in CBI are acceptable. Best brief contribution published in each issue is worth \$5.00 to the writer. Readers are encouraged to send in their entries. Shorter the better. Send your story to the editor now for inclusion in next issue. Winners will be notified before entry is published.

Sequel No. 3

Authentic Information on the Famous

PERRY MANHUNT

At the request of a Brooklyn subscriber, Roundup asked former Maj. Earl Cullum for authentic details on the famous controversial Herman Perry manhunt. Major Cullum headed the Military Police group who captured the murderer in Assam. Here is his story.

I HAVE READ George Flamm's story, "Perry Manhunt" (July 1953) together with the comments which followed. Yes, it was quite a manhunt, and Perry is "almost legendary."

But before legend takes over entirely, we should go back and get a few true facts. Flamm did an excellent story, but his information was based largely on hearsay and what he read elsewhere, already partly legend. There is no complete official history of the case, and no one person was directly connected with it throughout its several phases.

I will not repeat what has been written, and will not write about phases of the case with which I am not personally familiar; but a few errors in Flamm's story and later comments by others should be corrected. My first-hand knowledge of the case began with Perry's appearance at Makum Junction Feb. 19, 1945; following which I led the resulting manhunt, personally took Perry into custody, and delivered him to Ledo for execution. Yes, I was the then-major whom Lt. D. R. Smith so bitterly criticizes (Sept. 1953) without knowing anything of what actually happened.

In the night ambush of Feb. 20, 1945, Perry was shot three times and yet managed to escape into the jungle. So the play didn't make a touchdown and the quarterback called the wrong play. That conclusion is easy to arrive at, on Monday morning. No, the plan was good and the ambush was good, but the shooting at "Phantom" Perry in the darkness was not good enough. Lieutenant Smith probably got his ideas from a poorly qualified

observer whose own safety was assured by the impatience Smith so carelessly condemns. Patience did prevail, and prevented the shooting of innocent Indians used by Perry as his shield.

Flamm says Perry was shot in the shoulder. Earl Gainor says (Dec. 1953) he was shot through the heel. Actually the shot which hurt him most was through the foot lengthwise, below the ankle, but it struck no bone. He was never shot in the shoulder, or through the heel. He was shot a total of six times, and he later told me God hadn't meant him to die by a bullet. He was shot in the chest at the time of his first capture. A bullet grazed his ankle in the ill-fated Ledo ambush Dec. 31, 1944. Bullets grazed his right hip and left foot, and went through part of his right foot on Feb. 20, 1945 at Makum. On the night of Feb. 21st, T/5 Robert Fullerton, 271st MP Co., shot him through the nose as he ran across a clearing after K-9 dogs flushed him out of a patch of jungle. Fullerton is perhaps the only man who can definitely say he shot Perry, as this was the only time Perry had only one man shooting at him.

The following 10 days consisted of a desperate flight through the jungle, from Makum to Bardubi to Panitola and finally to Namrup. Gen. Joe Cranston ordered me to bring Perry in, and thanks to the cooperation of many agencies and the dogged determination of men of the 159th MP Battalion. Perry was finally captured. Key men in the original Makum ambush planning and throughout the manhunt included Capt. Jack Harrison, Chabua CID; Capt. Garey Wells, 271st MP Co.; Capt. W. C. Hall, 167th MP Co.; and Sgts. Peter Macura, Cecil Rostagno, and Alfred Scott, all later lieutenants in the 159th MP Battalion. Many others played important roles and received commendations; and



THIS PHOTO, first published in the Dec. 1953 issue, shows the capturing party, l. to r., Pvt. George Crosby, Maj. Earl Cullum, Pvt. Herman Perry, Sgt. Earl Gainor and Cpl. Bernard Black.

members of the CID, Airforce Military Police, and 748th Railway Operating Battalion contributed immeasurably toward the final capture of the fugitive killer.

The British tea planters also furnished valuable assistance, but it was Assam Police Supt. B. H. Routledge and Inspector K. Dutta who provided the men who were able to piece together the erratic path Perry followed, and enabled us to stay on his trail through the jungle and past innumerable Indian villages. But we were always a little behind Perry, or nearly stepping on him as described by Gainor (Dec. 1953).

The night of March 9, 1945 found the manhunt at the foot of the Naga Hills, to which Perry was apparently heading. Assam Police Inspector Dutta received information that Perry was sleeping in an isolated Basha five miles west of Namrup. He was reported still wearing Army clothing, and armed with two .45 pistols. Chance alone determined who was present to go there, and many who played key roles in the manhunt were not present at the capture.

Reaching the Dising River and recalling Perry's two previous escapes from large ambushes, it was decided that only two men would ford the river and make the capture. Pvt. George Crosby accompanied me to the basha, while Sgt. Earl Gainor and Cpl. Bernard Black, together with Supt. Routledge and Inspector Dutta, guarded the river line escape route.

Stepping out of the jungle into a clearing, Crosby covered the basha with a submachine gun while I slipped up to it, hoping to find Perry asleep. He was not in the basha, and I ran toward three Indians huddled in the darkness. One crouched down and I grabbed him, and Perry's voice said "You got me!" He had just changed to native dress, and it was not until we searched him that we knew he had lost his guns.

Yes, George Flamm, we would like to have sneaked up behind Perry and placed a gun at the back of his head. It would be easier to approach a known killer believed to be armed in that way; but I had to approach his front, not even recognizing him in the darkness until I had my hands on him. Perry knew me, and Crosby's menacing submachine gun had some effect, but even that was restricted by the absolute necessity that we not shoot any Indian. Perry later told me he would have fought it out if he had still had a gun. So we exposed ourselves and didn't get hurt, and made the capture. A touchdown. But this time we had to take what was offered, and go into it without even knowing the layout or being able to make a plan. At Makum we

picked the spot and made a good plan, but it didn't work. I have been in civilian and military law enforcement 15 years, and I'm still looking for the book that tells what to do in situations like these.

I spent a lot of time talking with Perry during the remaining five days of his life, while he was our "guest" at the Chabua stockade. Yes, Perry was a remarkable man; and had his abilities been turned in the right direction, he would have made an excellent jungle scout. But Perry was completely wrong in the original murder. He told me so himself. And the only reason he didn't kill again to avoid capture was because circumstances never were right for it. He told me that too.

Sub-Inspector Handique of the Assam Police knew Perry would hang if he was captured, but Handique was not present at the capture. The Rs. 1,000 reward was turned over to Superintendent Routledge and distributed among the Assam Police and Indian civilians whose information led to the capture. No, the MP's didn't get any rupees.

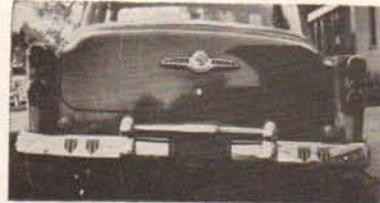
THE END.

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To The Editor

Iowa Basha Elects

● New Officers of the Iowa Basha, CBI Vets Assn., were named at a meeting held recently at the Ox Yoke Inn at Amana with 75 members and guests in attendance. They are Larry Roesch, Iowa City, Commander; Fritz Marz, Amana, vice commander; Elizabeth Emmons, Iowa City, adjutant; Neil L. Maurer, Laurens, public relations officer; John Lee, Washington, sergeant-at-arms; Harold Hawk, Ames, chaplain; and Barbara Kelly, Lansing, historian. The next meeting is tentatively scheduled for September and will be held at Davenport.

NEIL L. MAURER,
The Laurens Sun,
Laurens, Iowa

Carefree Days?

● Roundup can only serve as a reminder of those happy carefree days spent with real friends in a strange, exotic land, of which we may not be privileged to see again. The majority of my 28 months in India was spent at Gaya and Mohanbari, serving as a APOB-RAOB wallah in those two weather stations.

CLYDE C. SCOTT,
Jackson, Miss.



Pvt. ANTHONY FONTANA (left) and Pfc. Adam Urban of the 783rd AAA Co. are changing the barrel on an M2A machine gun. U.S. Army photo in Burma, Jan. 22, 1944.

CBI REUNIONS

CHINA-BURMA-INDIA VETERANS ASSN.—7th Annual Reunion, Hotel Willard, Washington, D.C., Aug. 5-6-7-8. For registration or information write Felix Russell, 507 Colorado Bldg., Washington 5, D.C.

14TH AIR FORCE ASSOCIATION—7th Annual Reunion, Commodore Perry Hotel, Toledo, Ohio, Aug. 12-13-14. For details write Milt Miller, 270 First Ave., New York, N.Y.

310TH F.R.T.U., Landhi Field, Karachi—Reunion, American Legion Bldg., Oneida, N.Y., June 26-27. Interested former members contact William Harp, 308 Chapell, Oneida, N.Y.

726TH RAILWAY OPERATING BN.—6th Annual Reunion, Lord Baltimore Hotel, Baltimore, Md., Sept. 17-19. Contact Frank Armani, 7503 Glenside Dr., Takoma Park 12, Md.

MERRILL'S MARAUDERS ASSOCIATION—8th Annual Reunion, Forest Hills Hotel, Franconia, N.H., Sept. 3-4-5. For further information write Lawrence Stafford, 9 Anderson Ave., West Warwick, R.I.

Bouquets for Friendly

● Sinclair's story in the May issue was excellent, but you neglected to mention that CBI-wallah Fred W. Friendly today is the man behind the scenes with Edward R. Murrow's TV show, "See It Now." Friendly is co-producer of the popular TV feature but receives little recognition. Roundup did a fine job in using Friendly as cover subject along with the splendid story, but you should have mentioned that he has really gone places since those speech-making days in CBI.

EDDIE MILATTI,
Bronx, N.Y.

14th A. F. Convention

● The 7th Annual Convention of the 14th Air Force Assn. will be held Aug. 12-13-14 at the Commodore Perry Hotel, Toledo, Ohio. The 3-day festivities include a penthouse party atop the Commodore Perry, a yacht trip, a garden party and dance, a visit to Libby-Owens-Ford glass works, etc. The charge for everything will be \$15 for three days; this includes everything, including transportation. And if you bring your wife or family, they will be considered guests of the Assn. A member and his wife will attend everything for the same \$15. The charges will be pro-rated at \$5 per day if you stay less than the three days. In addition to a host of celebrities, both Chinese and American, both Generals Chennault and Stone, who were CG's of the 14th Air Force will attend. For further information contact,

HUGH HUTCHINSON,
818 Madison Ave.,
Toledo, Ohio

12th Service Group

● Enjoy our mag very much. It is a thrill more than a thrill to look back to the days of CBI operations. Was attached to the 14th Air Force in the 396th Air Service Sq., 12th Air Service Group.

GEORGE PITTMAN,
Portsmouth, Va.

NO WONDER

NOBODY
WAS
UNDER THE
TREE!

By Col. JOHN M. VIRDEN

Reprinted from *Air Force Daily*

Recently the papers reported bloody Communist-led riots along Chowringhee Road in Calcutta, India.

Police vans were overturned by the howling mob and the always-efficient Indian police (they should be, they were trained by England's Bobbies) have been pushed around and finally fought back at the mob.

It must have taken the Communists a while to whip that one up. But they are clever people that way. And mobs are their specialty. For mobs do not reason. Mobs run on brute instinct, the lowest animal instinct in man, greed, and a desire to kill and hurt.

These mean traits are a bit further under the surface of the average Hindu than they are in some other races. Ages of a gentle religion have had their influence on the Hindu. However, he too, can be a mean character when stirred sufficiently and the Reds are a great bunch of stirrers-uppers when Moscow gives them the nod.

This must all be so very embarrassing to Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru who wears the non-violent mantle of the saintly Mahatma Gandhi in the eyes of his own millions and countless other people throughout the world.

Mr. Nehru may learn you can't do business with the Reds, not even on their own terms, and survive very long. Whether or not the astute Mr. Nehru will learn this in time to keep his people out from behind the Iron Curtain is a good question.

My only contact with Mr. Nehru is associated with vultures. Real ones. Much too closely associated with them, for my comfort and good odor.

This is no reflection on Mr. Nehru. I not only like and admire him but consider him, ordinarily, a full head taller than most statesmen. I say "ordinarily" for in his efforts to play both ends against the middle in the tug of war twixt the Slave and Free Worlds I think he's showing much less than his usual good judgment. And that the people who will be hurt most of all are the Indians. They deserve better.

But, back to the story of the vultures. In 1945 I was in Calcutta's Great East-

ern Hotel, a few steps from where these riots took place yesterday. Somebody told me that Mr. Nehru was to speak in the park just across the street from the hotel.

In my starchiest bushcoat I sauntered over to see what the great man had to say about the future of India.

I didn't saunter very far. The way was blocked by thousands of barelegged Indians standing silent as crows in planting time. And just as watchful.

There must have been 40,000 of these silent people waiting for Mr. Nehru to speak.

Having been short-changed in the altitude department, I knew I'd neither see nor hear Mr. Nehru unless I managed to get up much closer.

By jumping up, I could see there was a clear spot under the big tree that stood near the speaker's platform. Why there were no people standing under that tree, I didn't stop to think.

Edging around with many "excuse me, pleases" I wormed up under the tree.

I was within about 40 feet of Mr. Nehru who sat in his white dhoti on the wooden platform.

The Indians kept glancing at me as if I really didn't belong. But I put that down to my foreign uniform, red face and hair. Maybe they thought I was another "Old India Hand," with a complexion nurtured on sun and gin, come out to spy on their idol.

Mr. Nehru arose. Clasped his hands in front of his heart in the moving Hindu expression of love for each other. His audience returned his gesture.

Then it happened!

I was alone under that tree alright. But there were things in that tree; vultures, huge ones. One of them had not missed.

Like a leper of old I ran back to the hotel and up the stairs. Tossed my starched khaki uniform out of the window for any Hindu ragpicker who could stand the smell of it.

Thus ended my one visit with Mr. Nehru. I liked him. I did not like the vultures around him.

Let us hope that the West's attempts to woo and hold Mr. Nehru do not turn out likewise.

—THE END.

To The Editor

Accurate Picture

● On page 3 (May) Rev. Paul J. Kelly criticizes the picture on page 21 of the April issue. (The pictures are) an outstanding feature among many good features that makes Ex-CBI Roundup a great magazine . . . (You have) painted the picture in its entirety, no matter how sordid or beautiful the component part might be. In this manner you have kept a thoroughly accurate picture before us . . . I hope you will not let a howling minority keep you from printing a complete, true picture of the Orient that we knew. I'm not going to hide my copies from my two children as I'm quite sure a complete understanding of India's complexity—if such a thing is possible—will not adversely affect their lives . . .

REX A. SHIPPLETT,
Abingdon, Ill.

Generals Human, Too!

● "Some Generals and One GI" (May) was a splendid yarn. While we were in CBI one seldom heard anything humorous about a general. Guess the staff of the I-B Roundup didn't dare!

HARRY GLADSTONE,
New York, N. Y.



CONFERENCE AT YUNNAN Communist headquarters before Mao Tze Tung left for Chungking meeting on Aug. 27, 1945. Central figures are Mao (2nd from left), Col. I. V. Yeaton, U. S. Army observer; and U. S. Ambassador (Gen.) Patrick J. Hurley. U. S. Army photo.

Cobra-Mongoose Fight

● The picture of the mongoose and cobra fight on page 28 (May) is the first time I've seen the two really fighting. The light rope

in the picture indicates the pair were owned by one of those fakirs who staged sidewalk shows for the GI for a price. Although many rupees passed from my pocket to the hand of such a fakir, I had never seen the cobra and mongoose really go at it. But then, he's a businessman and he'd be out of business if the mongoose killed the cobra. Wonder what happened that they made such headway in the picture?

GEORGE S. LEE,
Elmhurst, N. Y.

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T/Sgt. JOHN A. BURNEY of the 48th Malaria Control Det., uses an orchard-type mosquito spray on the outside of a building at Ledo. U. S. Army photo.

Buddies Easily Found

● With hopes of attending the CBI Reunion in Washington this August, may I suggest that some sort of outfit registration be provided so that those who attend may easily be able to determine if anyone from their outfit is also in Washington? . . . Was with the 859th Ordnance HAM Co., Chabua, and would be delighted to hear from any former members who care to write.

HARRY VOGELFANGER,
1155 E. 40th St.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Registration lists containing names, outfit and hotel of attending delegates are posted several times daily during the reunion.—Ed.

CBI DATELINE

News dispatches from recent issues of the
Calcutta Statesman

KARACHI—A U. S. military team arrived here March 23rd to survey Pakistan's requirements of U. S. military aid. The team, led by Brig. Gen. Harry F. Meyers, a former U. S. military attache in Karachi, consists of representatives of all three services.

CALCUTTA—Film star Gregory Peck was surrounded by fans and autograph hunters when he arrived at the Santa Cruz airport from Colombo on his way back to London from the filming of "The Purple Plain" on location in Ceylon.

COLOMBO, Ceylon—In the first 26 days of March this city received 7.9 inches of monsoon rain.

NEW DELHI—The Hindusthan Times reported that Chinese Communists in Tibet are understood to have built a chain of airfields and connecting roads along Nepal's northern border, on India's frontier. At least two of the airfields are said to be capable of handling big bombers.

CALUTTA—The arrival of large numbers of American tourists in Delhi from the *S. S. Independence*, the largest U. S. passenger ship to touch the shores of India, was reported in March.

CALCUTTA—Two strong earth tremors, accompanied by loud rumbling, rocked the Calcutta area and other parts of eastern India on March 22nd. The shocks, lasting about three minutes, awakened the city's two million inhabitants and sent them dashing into the streets in fear. The quakes were also felt in Orissa, Bihar and Assam provinces.

SAIGON, Indochina—Gen. Claire Chennault, who headed the 14th U. S. Air Force during WWII, has joined the battle for the fortress of Dien Bien Phu in northern Indochina. Pilots provided by his airline are dodging Communist anti-aircraft fire to drop ammunition to the hard-pressed French defenders. France signed an agreement with Chennault earlier this year for the services of 24 pilots and some ground personnel to operate its 10 C-119 transport planes. Nationality of the civilian pilots was not disclosed.

KALIMPONG, INDIA—Bhutanese traveling between Bhutan and India have begun to use the longer and more difficult southern road leading through the Duars. The usual, easier route, traverses the southern portion of the Chumbi Valley (Tibet) which is occupied by Chinese troops.

Calcutta's Chinatown, area of narrow lanes, small shops, pocket-sized restaurants, and further-East atmosphere is fast vanishing. The Improvement Trust is bulldozing the shoulder-wide lanes and tearing down houses that gave old Chinatown its atmosphere. A house with clover-shaped windows, from which the sound of mah-jong ivories once rattled into the street, is no more, and an unaccustomed open space lies suddenly beyond an old gas light, which seems to stand sentinel over a new boundary with the past.

From beyond, a Masjid and a Jewish Synagogue sharing a common dividing wall, one can now look north and south down a seeming fire lane for hundreds of yards without obstruction. Here new houses will be built along a wide street, devouring ground on which Chinese youths used to play basketball and celebrate with fireworks and dragon masks the Chinese New Year.

The infant plan has already begun to strangle the old sprawling shambles which was Calcutta's Chinatown. There are still the dingy little shops in which red candles hang with strips of dried flesh and uncooked pork fat, feather dusters and paper votive offerings, porcelain figures, dried fish, and Chinese medicines. There are still the little dentists shops with false teeth resting on pads of dirty cotton wool. There are still the click of chopsticks in the restaurants and the clatter of wooden slippers on the paving stones. And there are the children—chubby and smiling, in doorways and on the streets and leaning over balconies. There is the smoke-stained hovel in the centre of the "town" in which friendly and poor Tibetans live. And there are sows at the dustbin with their inevitable litters of squealing pigs.

But all this already seems to belong to the past. The Chinese are leaving Chinatown and though the name will persist long after they are gone, and the new houses and the new roads may inherit the old familiar place names, the dirty but romantic corner of Calcutta we sometimes essayed into in search of a change of atmosphere and an exotic meal will soon be gone, lingering only with the echo of wooden slippers clattering on paving stones and of chopsticks punctuating the rattle of mah-jong pieces.

To the Editor

Chicago CBI Rally

● The Chicago Basha of CBIVA is holding a Giant CBI Rally on May 21st at the Veterans Loop Center, 70 W. Madison St., Chicago. Admission is free. The only requirement is that you be a CBI veteran. Purpose of the Rally is to get as many CBI veterans together at one time as is possible. We want every CBI vet in the Chicago area to attend so they may meet other CBI-ers and learn more about our organization. Several acts have already been lined up and we know you'll have a wonderful time.

LOCHRANE GARY,
11 So. La Salle,
Chicago 3, Ill.

CBI Salvage Officer

● Was Theatre Salvage Officer when stationed in New Delhi for 21½ months. When I start reading Roundup I don't stop until I have read from cover to cover.

HARRY L. LOVETT,
Winchester, Va.

'Ambassador's Report'

● I read "Ambassador's Report" which was reviewed in the May issue and will agree it's well worth reading.

LYLE B. GRIMES,
Los Angeles, Calif.



CHINESE AND U.S. Military Police inspect all vehicles passing over the border between Burma and China on the Stilwell Road. U.S. Army photo, June 3, 1945.

He Wasn't There!

● Got a kick out of Col. Friedberg's letter (May) in which he told of high brass assembling in a field to celebrate the opening of the Ledo - Burma Road, everyone scattering for cover when the Japs opened fire on the formation. But glad I wasn't there!

JAMES WENTZ,
Jacksonville, Fla.

Leprosy Victim

● The elderly man on page 16, April issue, looks like a victim of leprosy to me.

NATHAN GREEN,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Re-Visiting India

● I recall a few years ago Roundup published a picture story about a CBI wallah who re-visited India. Those pictures of the old places we knew in Calcutta were great and brought back lots of memories. How about another similar story with plenty of pictures, showing some of the bases where we were stationed, as they look today?

GEORGE EVANS,
Albuquerque, N.M.

We hope to have one in
the very near future.—Ed.

Worth More

● The few paragraphs about Fred Friendly was worth more than the rest of "Some Generals . . ." (May).

RALPH BUTTERFIELD,
San Antonio, Tex.

Editor's Photo

● Have been a Roundup subscriber for two years now and enjoy the magazine immensely. How's about publishing a picture of the editor so we can see what he looks like?

JOSEPH G. NALEY,
El Paso, Texas

See page 17, Oct. issue.
That's him with the beard,
eyeing the Chinese gals.—
Ed.



GENERAL WEDEMEYER pins the Distinguished Service Cross on Lt. Gen. Jonathan M. Wainright. Photo taken shortly after Wainright's release from Japanese Prison Camp. U.S. Army photo.

A COOLIE'S GRATITUDE

By ERNEST MORF

AS MESS sergeant for the 51st Air Service Group Officers Mess, stationed at Gonasbary, I employed several natives. The majority of them were quite loyal to me and their jobs.

My No. 1 boy, Nogan, was a shining example of loyalty, working for me two years without as much as a day's trouble. He never committed anything unusual without my permission. Ranking above all others with his conscientiousness, he was like a silent permanent fixture.

One day his cousin, who also was employed in the mess, reminded me that Nogan needed a day of rest. It was then decided that with four days time off without loss of pay he could dutifully take care of his home work.

So he trotted away cheerfully to his native village with a small bundle of personal pride—one T-shirt, a handful of rice (GI) and his confounding beetlenut.

One week went by and Nogan did not return. I became quite alarmed that he may have decided to quit his job. Loading his cousin into a jeep, I headed for Nogan's village, a distance of 20 miles. The village was out of bounds to Americans so I had to ask permission from the British Sahib to enter.

I found Nogan at his humble shack, busy performing the duty of looking after his sick father. A quick smile came over his face. In order to convince me of his reason for not returning he took me into the house, showed me his father who suffered from a dreadful abstract on his mouth. The kid and his cousin asked my advice as to bringing his father back to normal health, but I knew nothing about it.

Climbing into the jeep, I went into the nearby town of Dibrugarh to a British pharmacy where I explained the plight of the poor coolie. He gave me some pills he thought might help him. I left the medicine and both kids at the village and returned to camp alone.

Two days later one of the boys returned to work, but sadly stated that the pills were of no effect to the old man and that Nogan would have to remain at home to take over the responsibility of his dying father.

I consulted with my mess officer, a medical captain from Alabama. Since Nogan was the officer's favorite waiter,

he agreed to operate on the old man to save his life in order to have Nogan remain on the job. The medic insisted that I bring him to camp and also back to his home.

On each trip to the out-of-bounds village I had to stop at the British office, but managed to bring the father to the dispensary and back home. The captain gave him instructions on how to change the bandage after one week. The boy remained at home until his father recuperated from his operation, which was about three weeks. But on his arrival back to duty, he was a happy boy, stating his father was rapidly gaining strength and returning to his normal life as head of the household.

One month went by after Nogan returned to work and I had forgotten the episode when one sunny day the father came trotting down the road, his shoulder loaded with a large bundle. He stopped in front of me, called his son and nephew to his side. They kneeled before me, kissed both of my feet and said a loud prayer. Then he opened his bundle, displaying a variety of fruit picked from his little garden.

The words of thanks, the gift of gratitude and the sincere humble approach of the old man—all these and knowing the distance of his travel on foot (20 miles) to pay homage, respect and appreciation, touched my cold heart quite severely. And I stood there unashamed, shedding tears in their presence.

After the "ceremony," the old man and the two boys insisted that I should bring the medical sahib—the one solely responsible for the successful operation, to the spot of worship so that he, too, might partake of the gift.

I brought the medical officer and the same ceremony was repeated. I had all the GI cooks attend this touching affair and not one man could resist the urge to weep.

After the last ceremony the old man divided all his fruit equally between the captain and myself, performed still another prayer and gave us the blessing of the Almighty. The captain was so touched that he insisted I keep the old man at the camp until sundown, ordered me to provide him with rice and curry and transport him back to his native village.

These memories I shall always cherish.
—THE END.



Commander's Message

by
Wm. R. Ziegler
National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.

At the CBIVA Executive Committee meeting held in Wash., D.C., we had the pleasure of meeting with the 1954 Reunion Committee of the Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell Basha. Sahib Felix Russell is chairman of this committee and he briefly outlined the many events planned.

Frankly it's going to be a terrific show. A gala affair is being arranged for the ladies, and what tickled our palate, something that's never been done at any previous reunion—a program for the children! With the finest zoo in the East plus the Smithsonian Institute and many other attractions, there is little to be desired in giving your youngster a liberal visual education.

Hotel rates are unbelievably low, as are the prices of liquid refreshments. So, Sahibs . . . it looks like it's going to be a wonderful affair. Felix has announced he already has some reservations and we urge you to get yours in early as an overflow crowd is anticipated.

At the CBIVA executive meeting the following action took place:

Adjutant Brauer reported he had mailed 6,900 brochures since our last meeting and that 2,000 more are ready to be mailed. Further, he sent 5,000 to Junior Vice-Commander Paul Edwards of Indianapolis who sent these out at his expense.

We adopted an official hat, a white overseas cap with gold trim, with CBI

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patch on one side and your city on the other. They will not go into use until after the Washington Reunion since commitments for reunion hats have already been made.

Charters for the following Bashas were approved:

Motor City Basha, Detroit, with 36 charter members; Gen. Frank D. Merrill Basha, Baltimore, Md., with 17 charter members.

The matter of a national charter was tabled, Chairman Lester Dencker requesting more time for research. This concluded the executive meeting.

During our brief stay in Washington, the executive committee called on President Eisenhower to present a written request that the President address delegates to the 7th Annual Reunion in August. We had a cordial reception and our chat with President Eisenhower was most enjoyable.

I am satisfied that the 7th Annual Reunion is going to be one of the best attended affairs held by CBI veterans since the war. Being our first Reunion on the East Coast, we are expecting hundreds who heretofore could not attend because of distance involved. We're rather certain the "old hands," who have attended previous Reunions will be there, regardless of distance. They *know* they'll have the time of their lives. Ask the man who has attended one!

Dwelling again on my pet project, State Representatives, triple salaams to Weldon Maddox of Baltimore, Md., who volunteered as a State Representative on Nov. 11th, held an organizational meeting on March 19th with 17 CBI-ers present, came to Washington on March 20th when the executive meeting was in session to present the charter for the Gen. Frank D. Merrill Basha, and same was approved.

Sahibs, our Association is gaining momentum. We're moving, but slowly. We have a potential of 250,000 and until we get 100,000 members we haven't done a job.

So let's set our sight on 100,000. Just think—no Basha in Boston, New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Houston, Los Angeles, Portland, Seattle, etc. Maybe we set that 100,000 too low!

Your letters volunteering for the job of State Representative are welcome as the flowers in spring. We need more volunteers, how about you?

Till next month, burra salaams.

WM. R. ZIEGLER,
Box 229,
Houma, La.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

Still Looking!

• Would you publish an inquiry for personnel in ATC attached to Airways Traffic Control who may have been stationed at Jorhat, Chabua, Tezgaon or Kurmitola? Pilots and rated personnel were never too happy with our clearances (high altitudes) and are probably still looking for us!

HOWARD MOOMAW, Jr.
Sugar Creek, Ohio.

907th Engineers

• For quite a few years I've been trying to contact any of the boys of the 907th Engineer Hq. Co. of March Field, Calif. We went to CBI in March 1944 and were split up and scattered over Burma and China. Would like to hear from anyone of the old 907th.

JOSEPH JACKEWICZ,
125 Main Ave.,
E. Patterson, N. J.

128th AAC Sq.

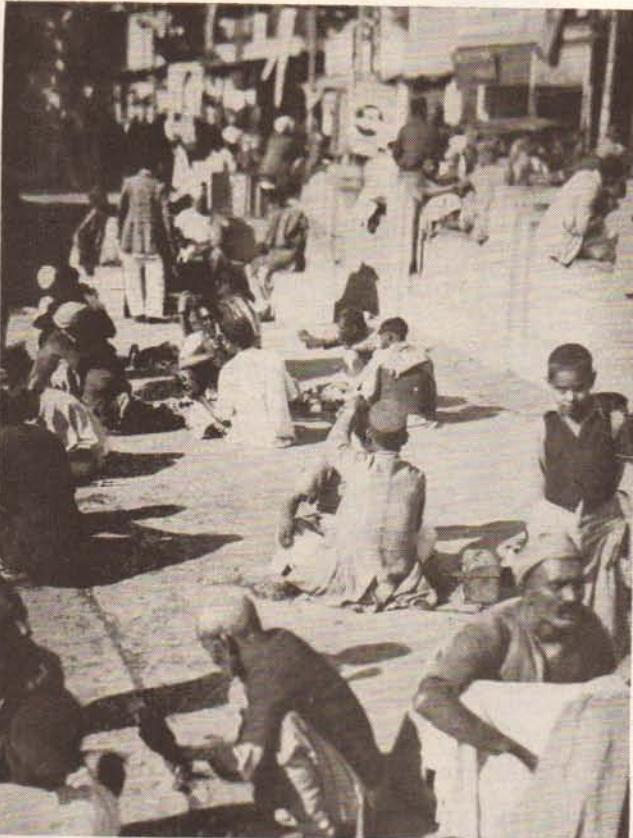
• Served two years in CBI with the 128th AAC Squadron, sailed for home Aug. 30, 1945, aboard the General Greeley, the first contingent to leave CBI after cessation of hostilities.

NICHOLAS LYNCH,
Indianapolis, Ind.

Mars Task Force

• Was glad to learn the Mars Task Force had their own issue, Sept. 1949. Would like to contact Humberto Garcia who served in the 124th Cavalry. He is from somewhere in Texas.

DAVID CHAPARRO,
Oxnard, Calif.



THESE ARE street barbers in Bombay where Indians could buy a neat shave for one anna. Photo by Lawrence Villers.

Bishop Lane

• Was very much interested in the Book Review of "Stone in the King's Highway" in the April issue. I was Asst. Adjutant of the POW Recovery Team under Lt. Col. James F. Donovan, which flew into Mukden, Manchuria, a couple of days after the war was over to carry out the repatriation of Allied POW's in Camp Hoten. This was the camp where General Wainwright was held. While in Mukden I became well acquainted with Bishop Lane, author of the book mentioned above. He had been interned along with many other missionaries for several years. I was with the group which accompanied Bishop Lane when he returned to the mission at Fushan, Manchuria, which he had headed for about 20 years. I shall never forget the sight that met our gaze as he entered Fushan in our Japanese truck. I think the entire populace was out to greet and cheer Bishop Lane. It was truly an inspiring moment. The crowds followed us all through town to the mission. The Bishop's old cook who had fled Fushan when the Bishop was interned, had returned and a very sumptuous meal of the first State-side food that I had seen in a long time was served to us. . . . The issue of Oct. 1953 carried a picture of Lt. Richard B. Warren. I served in the 44th Army Liaison Team with him. Enjoy Roundup immensely and wouldn't be without a single issue.

WM. E. MAIN,
Silver Springs, Md.

1009th Signal Co.

• Served 29 months in India and Burma in the 1009th Signal Co., of the 52nd Air Service Group which was located at Jorhat, Chabua and Myitkyina. I have only recently become acquainted with your fine magazine

WALT GOLTERMANN,
Lombard, Ill.

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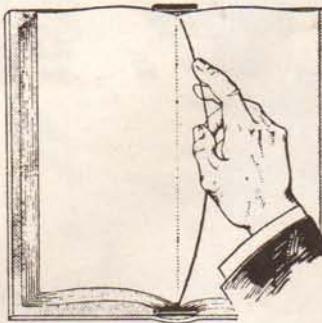


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